NME

GLASTO 2003

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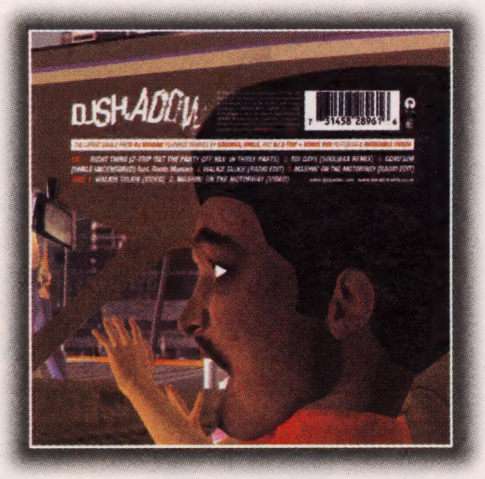
new singles



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Double A-side release from DJ Shadow. Available as a 12" double pack featuring remixes from Soulwax, Unkle and DJ Z Trip. Also available on CD, which includes the same tracks as the 12" with a bonus DVD featuring the animated videos for Mashin' On The Motorway and Walkie Talkie.

2XCD Only £1.99 Each
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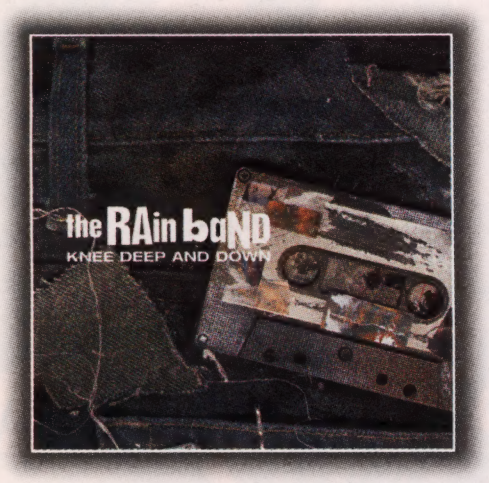
Released 7th July

Longview - Further

Highly anticipated debut release from the Manchester based group Longview. Available on 2xCD and 7" featuring the soaring epic lead track, Elbow remix and video. Taken from the debut album Mercury.



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The Rain Band - Knee Deep And Down

The Mancunian three piece follow up their critically acclaimed first single, Easy Rider with another storming tune taken from their forthcoming eponymous album. Knee Deep And Down is released on CD, 12" and 7" with the CD and limited 7" featuring bonus track Desert Song. The CD includes the video whilst the 12" adds mixes by Ils and Richard H Kirk (Cabaret Voltaire).

CD Only £1.99

Released 7th July

Stone Sour - Inhale

Taken from their self-titled album, fan's live favourite Inhale is as storming a track as you would expect to hear from a band featuring Slipknot's Corey Taylor and Jim Root. Available on enhanced CD only featuring two bonus tracks plus the video for Inhale.

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By now you should be showered, fed, have used a flushing toilet and the drugs should be leaving your system. If none of those apply then listen up – *the festival finished three days ago! You're still in a field! Go home!*

Of course you want to stay. For those lucky enough to get a ticket, Glastonbury 2003 will be remembered as "the one with Radiohead where everyone was smiling". Peace reigned across the site and outside in Pilton too. Fans smiled, stallholders smiled, the Eavises smiled and even the sun smiled. We laughed along with a new and staggering musical movement, bands with a sense of humour – Electric Six, The Darkness and Har Mar Superstar. REM played with light sabres, The Flaming Lips and Super Furry Animals battled with shaggy animal costumes and Radiohead tried naked mud wrestling in the Green Futures field (although that last one might just be a rumour).

At one point *NME* was man-handled by an enormous Glaswegian security guard in a bright yellow T-shirt who refused to let us into the BBC backstage area without a "big hug". *We shit you not.*

Throughout the whole weekend of good-natured mayhem an army of journalists and photographers were racing back and forth between Somerset and *NME* headquarters in London to bring you the best, brightest and most bug-eyed Glastonbury review available anywhere. All the best moments, all the best photographs, pages of posters and an aerial shot of the site.

If you were there, this might help straighten out some of the crinkly bits in your memory banks. If you weren't, reading this is the next best thing to being there. Either way, pour yourself some warm scrumpy and relive the moment. Here comes the fun.

Conor McNicholas, Editor

good vibes all round

kings of leon

Michael Eavis was definitely not the owner of the coolest beard this year. Enter four young lads from Tennessee...

Saturday, New Bands Tent, 8.10pm

Here's what we know about Kings Of Leon. They're the coolest fucking band since The Strokes; they're hard-rocking sons (and nephew) of a preacher man; they live in a big house together (like The Monkees) in Tennessee (not like The Monkees). Here's some new things we now know about Kings Of Leon...

1 They draw the biggest crowd of the weekend to the New Bands Tent and look like they could have had a good crack at the Other Stage given half a chance. Despite having only released two UK singles, it's totally rammed. The lines out of the tent are five deep and in-between 'Red Morning Light' and 'Genius' people are chanting "LEON! LEON! LEON!"

2 It's their first ever festival, but they act like they know their way around the stage like it was a pair of their many groupies' knickers.

3 The buzz on the Kings is such that loads of other bands also cram into the tent to check them out – including Travis, Doves and Primal Scream.

4 When Caleb sings live he pulls a face like as if someone's smeared shit on the microphone and still manages to look cool. Especially during the brilliant, slobberknocking 'Spiral Staircase'.

5 Jared wears braces over his T-shirt like Mork does in *Mork & Mindy* and he looks like the coolest fucker in the field. Go get your braces now before they all go.

Band of the weekend? Debut album of the year? Best young beard-wearers of 2003? There's nothing the Kings Of Leon couldn't scoop before the year is out. On this evidence they should invest in a big trophy cabinet. It is a "Were you there?!" classic festival moment. In six months it'll be madness to think of them playing a gig so small. The good ol' boys done damn good.

Imran Ahmed

PHOTOGRAPHY: JO MCCAUGHEY

har mar superstar VS the darkness

RUDEST AWAKENING

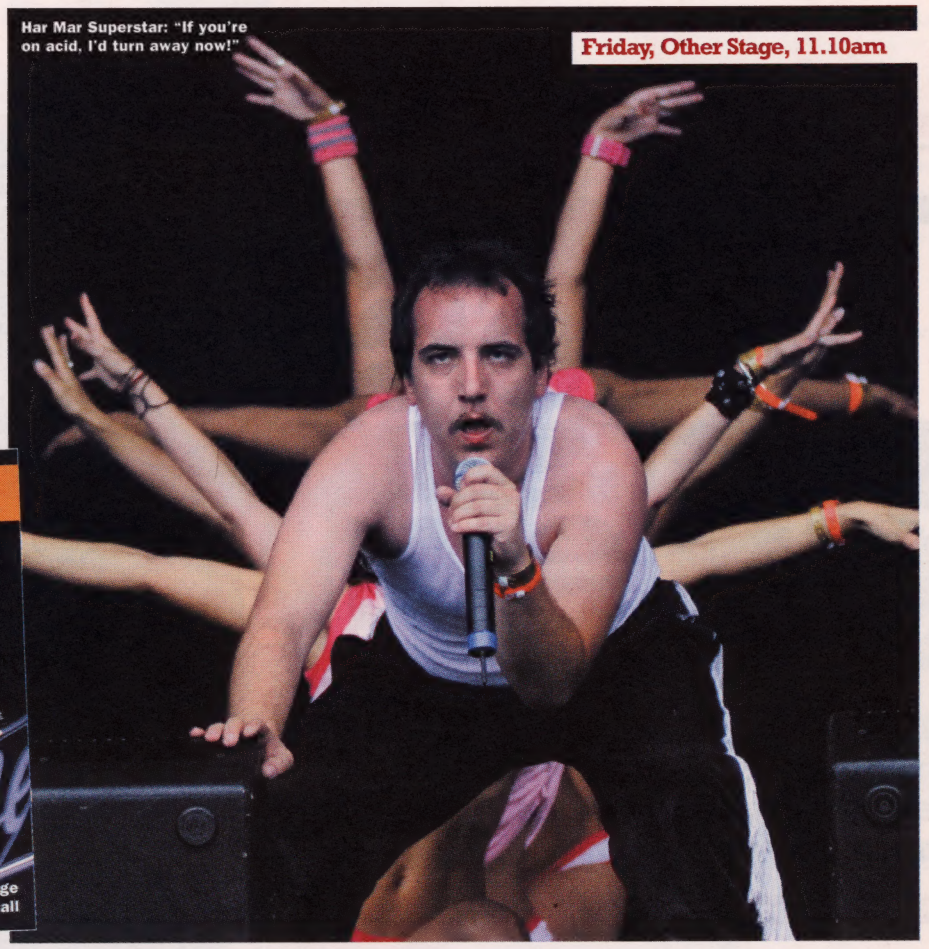
Wake up! Camp metal castratos go head-to-head with pant funk pervert as the first day gets underway

"Who delivers rock before breakfast?" Why, it can only be The Darkness, slaying the Pyramid Stage at quarter past fucking ten *in the morning*. The camp metal crusaders are the first half of an insane opening double-bill, alongside funk slut Har Mar Superstar on the Other Stage, designed to kick-start Glast-oh-three in the rudest fashion. An aural and visual slap in the face, there's nothing quite like stumbling bleary-eyed into the spectacle of four lanky goons in sequinned Spandex making like Status Quo murdering The Wonder Stuff after a stint in *Fame Academy*. But, fittingly for a group who've based their entire aesthetic on Queen's 'Bohemian Rhapsody' video, The Darkness are absurdly entertaining. Crowd-pleasing frontman Justin's potty-mouthed Robert Plant castrato and histrionic axemanship prove unreasonably popular at this early hour. As well as leaping through a string of singles that are already taking on cult status, the 'Ness even tap into the weekend's zeitgeist by not so much covering as swamping Radiohead's 'Street Spirit (Fade Out)'.

Look! Up there! It's Danny DeVito grinding with five pneumatic Playmates. Alas, it's actually indie sex icon Har Mar Superstar, who waddles about in his underpants doing Stevie Wonder karaoke while Glasto stares, open-mouthed, at the man's bare-faced cheek(s). The tubby Lothario's no-brainer act goes down a storm in more intimate settings, but here, outdoors, minutes before the heavens open, his shortcomings are brutally exposed. And why does Har Mar keep telling us how "awesome" he is, and then launch into a song called 'Cry 4 Help'? Freud would have a field day.

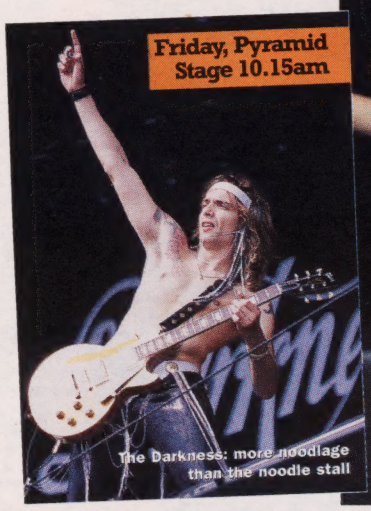
Winners: The Darkness, by a long guitar solo.

Piers Martin



Har Mar Superstar: "If you're on acid, I'd turn away now!"

Friday, Other Stage, 11.10am



Friday, Pyramid Stage 10.15am

The Darkness: more noodlage than the noodle stall

SING SONG!

electric six

The Detroit dance commanders get the Glasto crowd singing 'Gay Bar' – before they even play it!

Glastonbury's always had a long history of the mass singalong – from the 50,000 belting out Coldplay's 'In My Place' last year to regular midnight campfire renditions of traditional folk songs like 'Kum Ba Yah' and 'Which Fucking Scrote Had My Tent Away?'. So what better way to celebrate this tradition than with Electric Six? Dick Valentine arrives onstage in front of a ten-foot glittering Electric Six logo and throws himself around like someone's plugged a Flying V into his backside. Thousands of hands from a staggeringly packed field are thrust into the air in joyous good-time abandon. Electric Six are elevated to the position of singalong gods, however, when renditions of 'Gay Bar' break out around the crowd *before they've even played it*. In fact, we're all singing it between every fucking song, waiting for the call to throw beer on our heads like it's all we've ever wanted from a band. Sure, the rest of their set is great, a blur of stoopid party anthems so rockin' they make you forget that people are wrestling with their own reflections in a drunken haze five paces away. But only when 'Gay Bar' finally arrives do the crowd properly explode into a dizzy heap of improper dancing. It's crazy, and the after-effects for the beer-addled crowd are more than a little messy. Looks like the Six have just made 2003 the year of the puke-along.

Tim Jonze

Friday, Other Stage, 6.40pm

Danger! High camp: Electric Six

Where's Glasto's head at?

Rebecca Hargreaves, 21

What's the weirdest thing you've seen today?
"There are green people dressed as policemen stopping people pissing in the stone circle by whistling at them."

Daniel Ryan, 24, The Thrills

Will you be paying your respects at the Strummer Stone?
"Yes. Our manager is a huge Clash fan and he's been making us watch Clash videos on the bus all the way here!"

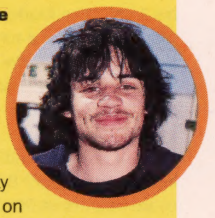
Kerry Mathis, 16

What's the weirdest thing you've seen today?
"I saw Jesus carrying a cross and lots of naked people in their tents – it was pretty bad!"

Karen Soulsbury, 26

Where did you get your tickets, and how much would you have been willing to pay on eBay?
"It was £105 on from the official online ticket sale site. I'd pay anything up to £200. It's definitely worth it – you could end up spending the same kind of money on a big night out. What else are you going to do? Go to Pontin's?"

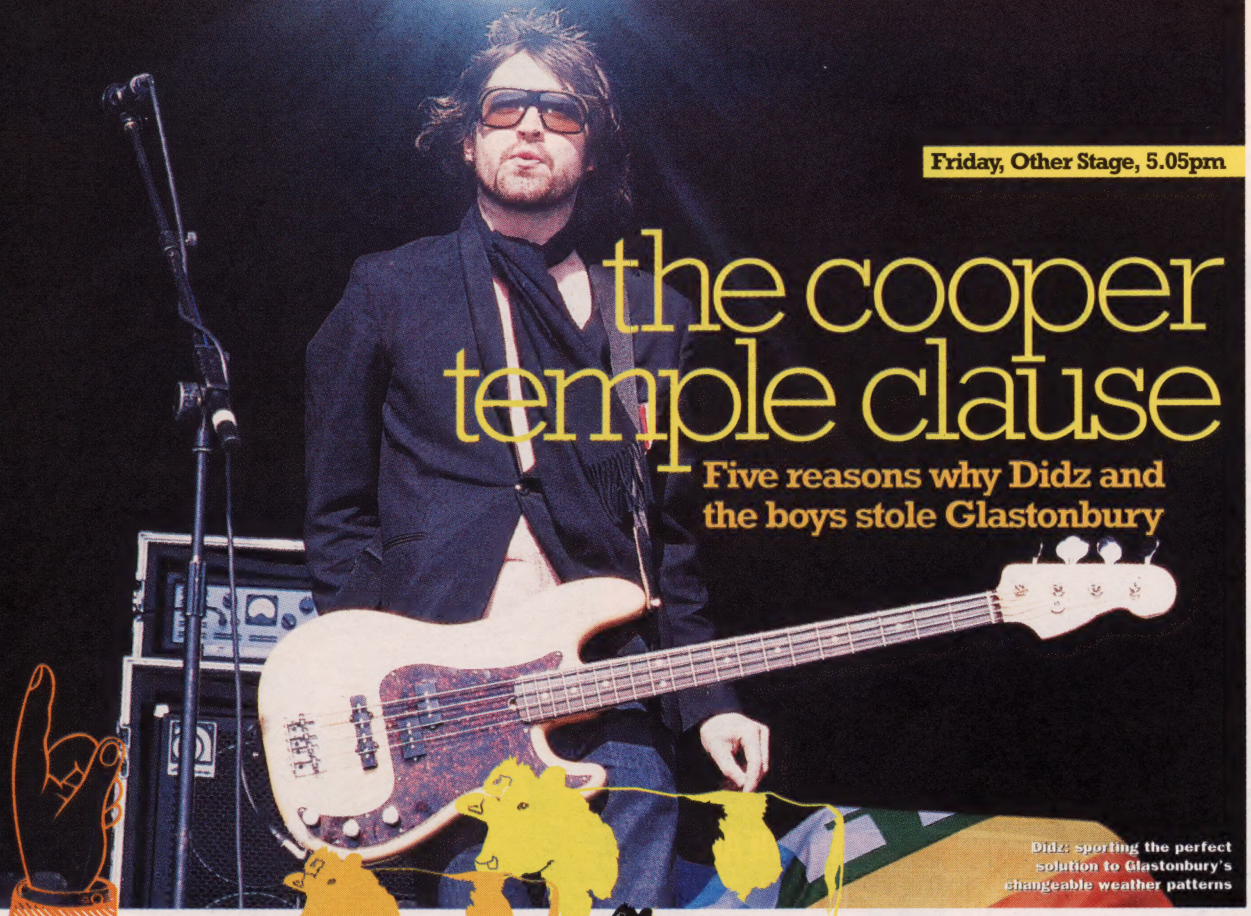
Sam Batten, 17



What's the weirdest thing you've seen today?
"I had some pretty weird trips on Salvia. There was a girl wearing a Chicago Cubs hoodie walking past me and suddenly the whole sky came alive with cubs. I couldn't shut my mouth!"

Krissi Murison

PHOTOGRAPHY: PHIL WALLIS/JOE PLUMMER/ALEX McGUIRE/JAMES LOOKER



Friday, Other Stage, 5.05pm

the cooper temple clause

Five reasons why Didz and the boys stole Glastonbury

Didz: sporting the perfect solution to Glastonbury's changeable weather patterns

1 They melted the soundsystem

How much do The Cooper Temple Clause rock? The Cooper Temple Clause rock so motherhugging hard they pummel the leylines out of the ground and utterly fuck the speakers so that their entire set sounds like My Bloody Valentine gone metal on ketamine. And then, unsated, they rock a bit harder.

2 Didz: effortless superstar

Six months ago Didz Hammond was told he was going to shit out of his side until he died. Today, in a blazer, tie and no shirt, he's scaling the speaker stack like a rabid gorilla, dancing like the bastard offspring of Mick Jagger and Liam Gallagher and upstaging his entire freak-heavy band during 'Who Needs Enemies' despite the fact that all he does for the entire song is occasionally press a button that goes *'DEE-DUR'*! Somewhere in the Alternative Craft Field someone's carving him in hemp.

3 They have certifiable fans

At a Glasto noteable for the emergence of bizarre items hoisted aloft on long sticks (it's the new shouting "bollocks"), TCTC are hailed with by far the weirdest, including a blue alien baby doll, a Christmas tree and what looks like a large lump of dough.

4 They're still pissed from last year

"You may have noticed I held a guitar throughout that song and never played it," says Ben after 'Blind Pilots' – Team Cooper's first stab at all-out pop. "That's called being inventive." It's also called 'being so wankered you don't know which song you were playing'.

5 Did we mention the new songs?

Berserker musical pile-ups one and all. Space jazz, murder techno, serial killer metal and Swedish post-skiffle (not really), The Cooper Temple Clause are on a musical mystery tour way outside any mapped rock universe and they couldn't even spell 'genre', let alone be confined in one. Jump aboard and strap in tight – the touch paper has just been lit.

Mark Beaumont

FOOD

junior senior

The best and worst of Glastonbury dining

We asked the famously iron-stomached men of Junior Senior to move their feet to a variety of 'food' emporiums.

Smokin' Joe's Café

Senior orders a meagre chicken burger while Junior opts for something called a 'Double D', which turns out to be a towering monstrosity of cheese and beef.

Junior: "That was quite nasty. I'm not going to eat the rest."

Senior: "Mine was nice. It's very dry bread. I'd say you need a lot of sauce. I like things simple. The chicken inside is OK, but the bread could do with being more moist."

Taste rating: 4

Pura Vida Mexican café

Senior picks the vegetarian quesadilla and Junior partakes of the PV Special, 37 different varieties of unidentifiable slop on a plate with a tortilla acting as tarpaulin.

Senior: "These are really really good! I like the jalapeño peppers, I love the chilli rush. You can give me anything with chilli and I like it. Put more and more chilli and I'm like 'WOO-HOO!' But it's not fun when you have to shit the next morning. It can hurt."

Junior: "*(Scraping dollops of muck onto his soggy tortilla)* I think I've destroyed it. I think it's supposed to be nice and crispy on the outside but now it's kinda wet. *(Senior tries to nick some of it)* NO, IT'S MINE! LEAVE IT! It's definitely better than the burger, I've just designed it bad."

Taste rating: 7

Senior: "I laugh in the face of your so-called mad cow disease"

Junior: "I'm going to vomit any second"

Wok's Happening

By now, Senior's becoming starved by his minuscule portions and stares dejectedly at his plain vegetarian noodles.

Senior: "*(Crying like a child)* I want a prawn! I WANT A PRAWN!"

Junior: "That's pretty good. If I got it at a restaurant I'd probably say it wasn't that good, but it's good festival food."

Taste rating: 6

Winner!

Mexican chilli slop. NOTE: *NME* accepts no responsibility for you treating this as a recommendation, buying something similar at another festival and watching your insides make a break for freedom. ***MB***

The great Glastonbury Bald Quiz

There have been 22 Glastonbury festivals but, due to bad cider, we can only remember a few. 1995 was the Twatted Robbie One, '97 and '98 were Muddy Ones, and we're calling this The Bald One. Why? Well, everywhere we looked was a shiny, pink dome, from the headliners to the landlord to the Ugly Naked Protest Man. But can you identify this lot by their pates? Michael Stipe, Phil Selway, Michael Eavis, Stuart Braithwaite.

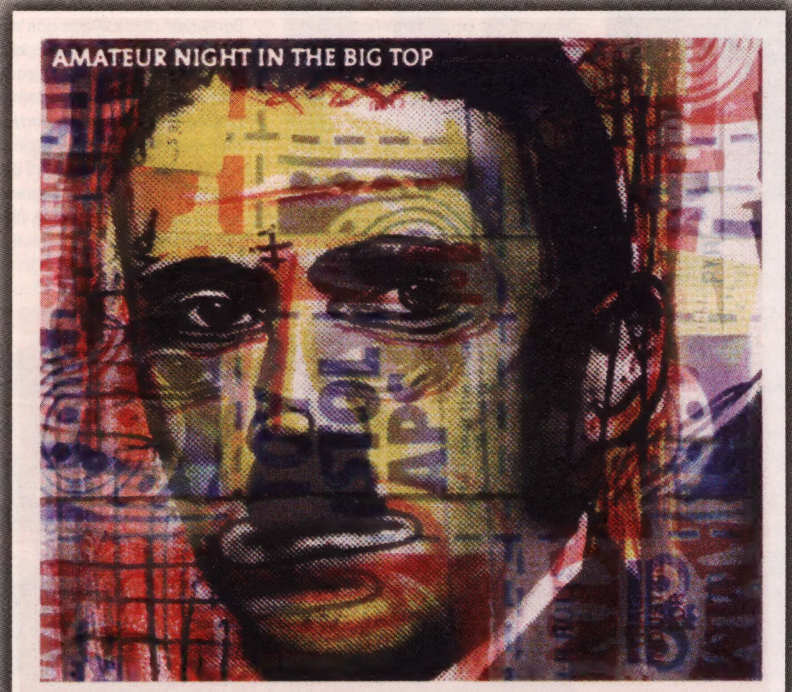
In the past, paying to go to Glastonbury was like shelling out for sex – you only paid if you were really young, middle class or stupid because everyone else was bunking the fence and doing it for free. But now it's impossible as you can see by our rubbish go here...

Imran Ahmed

how to bunk the fence

PHOTOGRAPHY: SANNA CHARLES/ANDY WILLSHER/PEROUINC.COM/HAMISH BROWN

rock 'n' roll circus



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Amateur Night In The Big Top marks the welcome return of legendary Happy Mondays and Black Grape frontman, Shaun Ryder. This deeply personal set finds Shaun in strong vocal form and full poetic flow, often angry, sometimes sarcastic, but unmistakeably Ryder.

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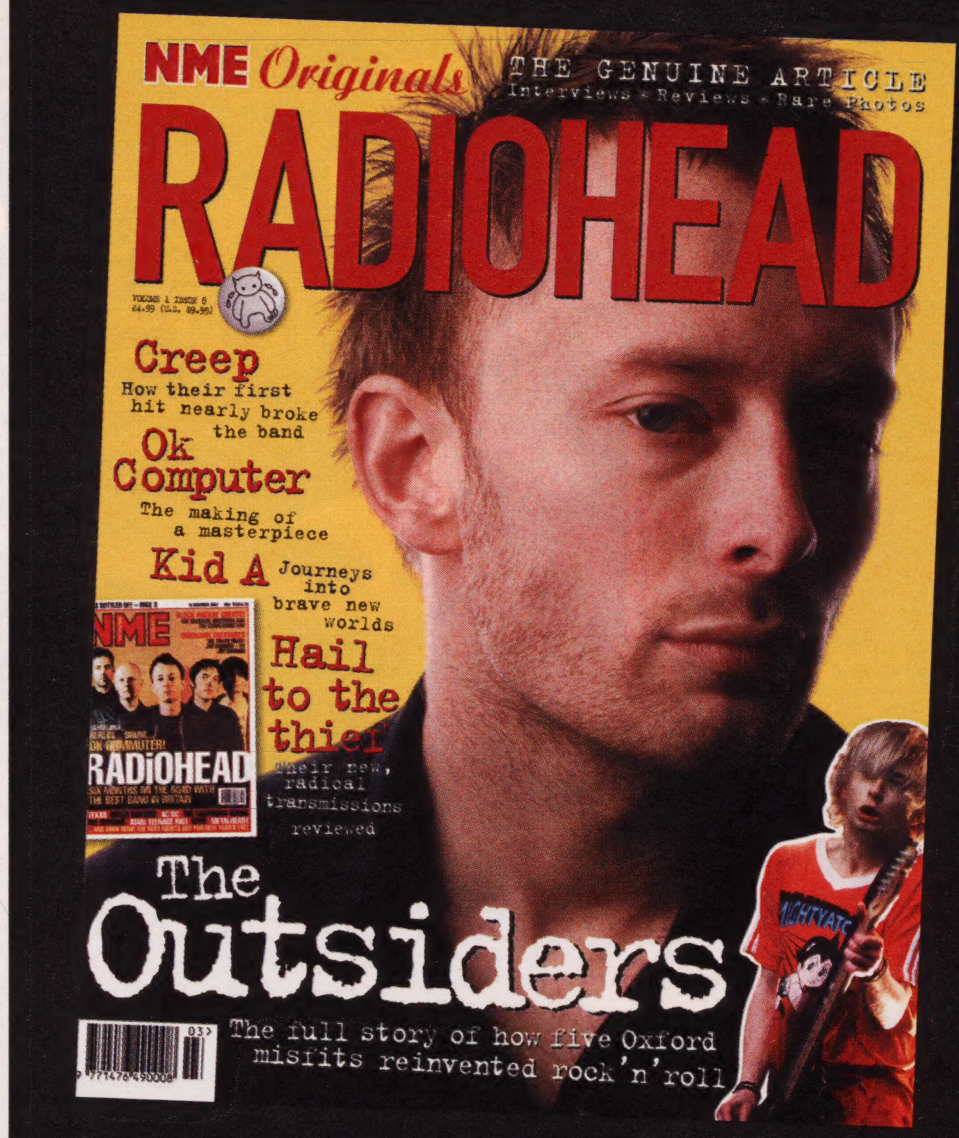
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rem

Not quite a greatest hits from the Athens legends – more a trainspotter-pleasing ramble through the back catalogue

MOST INSPIRATIONAL BAND

Michael Stipe: "If only I could master the beard-no-moustache look my Michael Eavis impression would be complete!"

Friday, Pyramid Stage, 10:50 pm

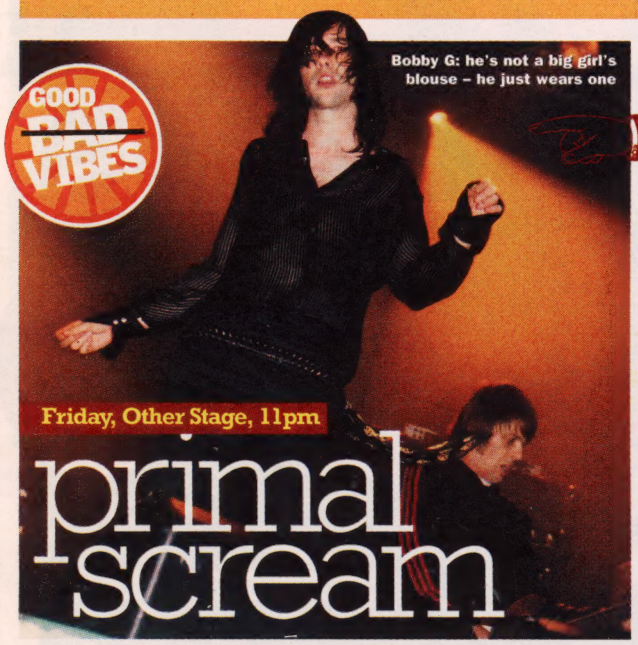
As Ian McCulloch – pissed up and rambling incoherently about *Donnie Darko* and Gateshead being crap from the Pyramid Stage at three in the afternoon – will tell you, staying a legend takes guts, skill and superhuman determination. Here's REM, two shonky albums down the line from their last Glasto headline slot, still ramming a field with electric anticipation and still foiling us at every turn. Reports of an REM greatest hits set (along the lines of the one that tore the Tor from its foundations in 1999) have been laughably exaggerated: 'Losing My Religion' and 'Man On The Moon' yes, but obscure political punkatribe 'Little America' could only be considered 'crowd-pleasing' in the Metallica torture room, and only REM themselves enjoy the appropriately titled new twanglethon 'Final Straw' sandwiched between 'Everybody Hurts' and 'It's The End Of The World As We Know It' in the encore.

Yet legends they remain, as evocative of the Glastonbury spirit as buying an eighth of mud and waking up married to a witch. Stipe thrusts and wriggles like a bald Georgian stripper through 'Fall On Me' and 'Finest Worksong' and the 100,000 Glastonians of a certain age know their £400 on eBay was well spent. Obviously, REM could drive every single punter into the Death In Vegas tent with a set comprising 'Up' in its entirety and Michael Eavis would still book them next year – they're simply *that special* – but they do just enough to maintain their myth and protect their mystique: the scale minutely tipped toward classics, balanced against a fair old wad of anonymous completist twaddle to make sure you stagger tentward feeling unfulfilled, but blessed.

That said, if they don't do 'Orange Crush' next time, we'll have them shot.

Mark Beaumont

GOOD ~~BAD~~ VIBES



Bobby G: he's not a big girl's blouse – he just wears one

Friday, Other Stage, 11pm

primal scream

At last a rock band... a dirty bomb of electronic screaming

After today's totally insipid slew of grey, blank shit line-up, the arrival of the Scream is like a breaking open of the heavens. At last, there's a rock band onstage, blasting through all their greatest hits at 500 miles per hour, blowing all the wankers that bored us to fuck today out of the water with a dirty bomb of electronic screaming stolen from a disused Soviet weapons laboratory in Kazakhstan.

Live, Primal Scream either completely suck, or they're totally great. Tonight, it's the latter. Mani is rocking a leather Adidas tracksuit top, Bobby is whirling around the stage and Innes is leading the crowd in handclaps. Hey! There's Kate Moss dancing at the side of the stage.

They run through all the hits, keep the songs from that last shit album to a minimum and when they encore with 'Loaded', everyone goes apeshit. That's what rock'n'roll's meant to do to you, right? The kids who think that Athlete are good just because they're young are wrong. The combined age of Primal Scream is precisely 876 and they still make everybody else on today's bill look like old age pensioner hippy c——s. Kill all unbelievers.

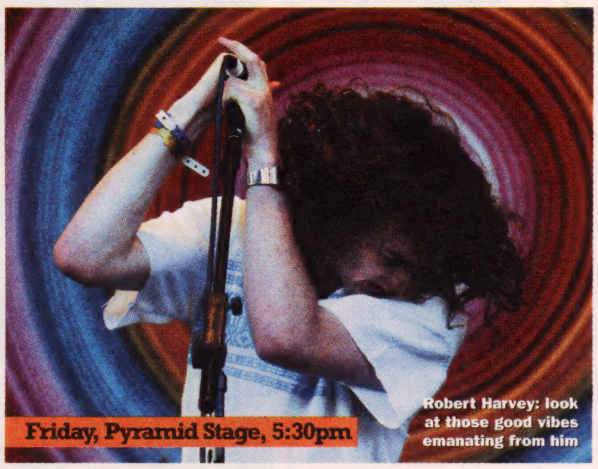
Andy Capper

PHOTOGRAPHY: JAMES LOOKER/ANDY WILLSHER/ALEX McGUIRE/JOE PLUMMER

the music

BIGGEST SURPRISE

Standing in for Zwan, Leeds' flare-flapping psychedelicists show they aren't quite ready for the big stage



Friday, Pyramid Stage, 5:30pm

Robert Harvey: look at those good vibes emanating from him

At sundown on Friday the Pyramid Stage is knee-deep in confused drunks. Zwan are supposed to be on, but instead of Billy Corgan's metal/post-rock supergroup out creep four skinny, pale and very nervous Kippax boys. Zwan have pulled out at the last minute and The Music are their slightly overwhelmed replacements.

With the twilight turning the stage golden and a booze-induced good mood settled over the crowd, this should be The Music's big Glastonbury Moment. And it is, in parts. A thunderous run through 'The People' brings passing trade rushing in to join the pissed-up frugging.

But The Music let the moment slip through their fingers. Every gain they make – like with newie 'Come What May' — they squander with a momentum-sapping instrumental. Worse is Robert Harvey's refusal to say anything except a meek "thank you" between songs. A stage this big needs a Corgan-sized ego to fill it and, if they're going to come back, Harvey needs to do some serious work on his megalomania. The surprise of the weekend turns out to be that, having been handed a major career boost on a plate, one of our best guitar groups bloody went and muffed it. Monkeys!

Simon Lewis

Audio Bullys

Hooligan house geezers in the area

MOST INCONGRUOUS

Oi oi! It's Chas'n'Rave, aka Audio Bullys

Would you Adam'n'Eve it, guv? London town's premier hooligan house duo, Chas'n'Rave, sorry, Audio Bullys, have only gone and left the big smoke for the rolling fields of Glastonbury, innit.

If you've heard their racket, you'll know Tom and Simon Bully are as gritty and urban as they come, hard as nails and pretty handy, too, getme? But how did they survive in the countryside without Maccy Ds, crime, pollution and loadsa dodgy geezers? They spun the vinyl good on the day but as for the outdoors bit, the signs weren't good, bruv.

Simon: "'Ere Tom, what are them big dogs over there?"

Tom: "I think they're called cows, mate."

Piers Martin

the polyphonic spree

The Polyphonic Spree suddenly realise they face a horrendous pink washing disaster

Saturday, Pyramid Stage, 4.40pm

SPIRIT OF GLASTO

Twenty-four-strong Texan collective spread good vibes by cosmic appointment

Glastonbury, the Stone Circle, June 21, 2001: Michael Eavis' plan of bringing good vibes to future Glastos is secured with a little hubble and bubble...

Eavis *(Standing over a cauldron. Naked)*: "GUARDIANS OF AVALON! I present to you an elixir of how I wish the perfect good vibes Glastonbury to sound. It contains the entire Austin branch of the United Pentecostal church, Walt Disney's *Fantasia*, the Rogers & Hammerstein songbook, every 1970s TV theme song and an unspeakable number of ecstasy pills."

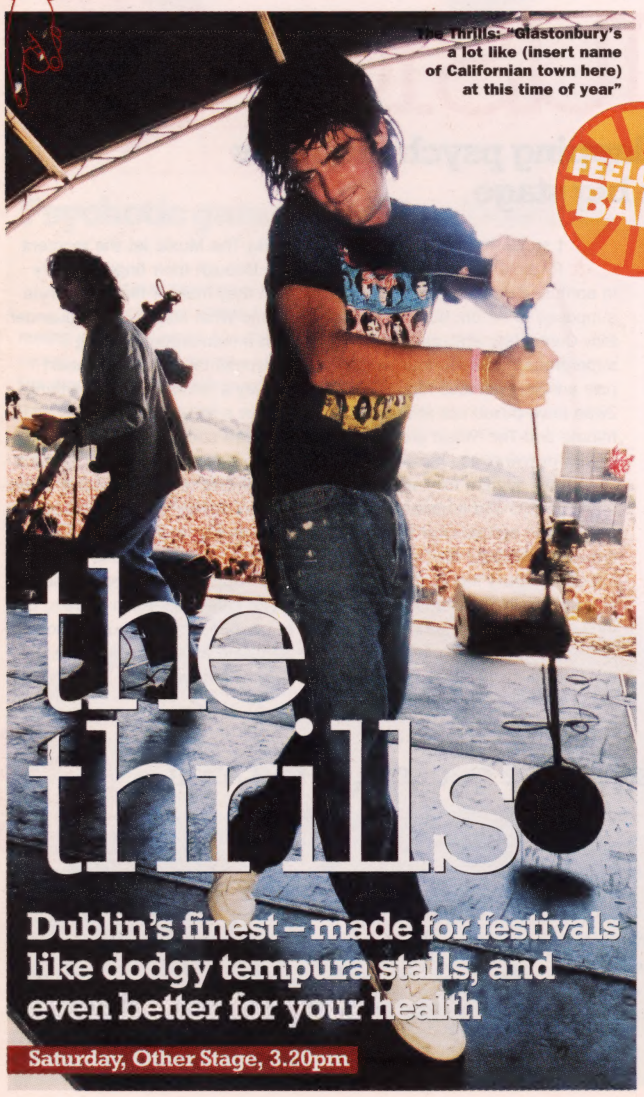
(LIGHTNING STRIKES) Eavis' beard is singed. He awakes stunned, surrounded by 24 men and women clad in white, holding every instrument known to man. And the rest. "SPEAK GOOD VIBES BAND! SPEAK!"

"SUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!!!!!!"

What the fuck? The Polyphonic Spree are defying medical orthodoxy by getting smiles out of an audience who've drained every last drop of serotonin out of their minds over the past 24 hours.

"Hello To The Mothership!" Tim DeLaughter exalts, in his new red robe, all shit-eating grin and Des O'Connor tan. The Polyphonic Spree spread good vibes by having the best festival songs, like '2000 Places At Once', 'Light And Day' and 'Soldier Girl'. It's beautifully sunny, people onstage and offstage are dressed in robes, we're all dancing like loons and we can't think of anywhere we'd rather be right now. Like, forever and ever. Amen.

Imran Ahmed



The Thrills: "Glastonbury's a lot like (insert name of Californian town here) at this time of year"

the thrills

Dublin's finest – made for festivals like dodgy tempura stalls, and even better for your health

Saturday, Other Stage, 3.20pm

FEELGOOD BAND

Of course the sun was going to shine. Doubts may have lingered after Friday afternoon's sludgefest, but really, The Polyphonic Spree and The Thrills on the same day? In the pantheon of Glasto certainties, it's up there with Billy Bragg turning up and Interpol sweating buckets. Little wonder the side of the stage is crammed full and good vibes radiate as warmly as a hippy's tofu fart.

Outside, in the sunshine, is where The Thrills belong, and while the setting is hardly LA, their Spector-ish harmonies and northern soul keyboards perfectly capture the Glasto magic. Looking like they just stepped out from an old episode of *The Wonder Years*, they bounce through anthems-in-waiting such as 'Big Sur' and the irrepressible 'Santa Cruz (You're Not That Far)'.

Before they leave us, the sage Conor Deasy advises us, in his *Ballykissangel*-cum-Michael Jackson brogue, not to "take too many drugs or get too fucked up". His advice may seem somewhat futile considering some of Friday night's human debris is still unconscious, but in these days of devil-may-care abandon and cold-hearted aloofness, it's good to know that some bands really do give a monkey's about the worsening state of our collective livers/kidneys/minds. And that's why Glastonbury loves The Thrills.

Barry Nicolson

PHOTOGRAPHY: ALEX MAGUIRE/SANNA CHARLES/ANDY WILLSHER

22-20s

BEST NEW BAND

Saturday, Other Stage, 12.20pm

Fringe benefits: 22-20s frontman Martin Trimble

The heat is on for the most talked-about bunch of young blues-punks this side of the Humber delta

Kate Moss is lying down over there. She looks *amazing* wearing this dusky brown dress that hangs on her tanned shoulders and shades like she's Audrey Hepburn or something. But no-one (other than *NME*) is staring at one of the most beautiful women in the world. Everyone, including Kate Moss, The Thrills and the entire British music industry (the buzz on these guys is the *only* thing other than the headliners that'll drag the industry whores out of the hospitality bar) is checking out scruffy, intense 20-something Martin Trimble, frontman of the 22-20s.

The 22-20s can exist in a world where The White Stripes and Kings Of Leon are two of the most exciting bands in the world. Now a four-piece (with the addition of a keyboardist) they write these crazy, passionate electric blues songs like 'Such A Fool' and the skank-under-the-fingernails of '22 Days'. They play six other great songs too that we don't know the names of because they haven't released a proper record yet.

And while you can see that all this attention is frying Trimble's head, you can see why everyone wants a piece – he's one of the most amazing guitarists we've ever seen. It's as if Peter Green and Jimmy Page are taking turns plugging into his amp backstage. The best thing about this weekend's best new band? Their best is still to come. Someone keep a slot free on the Pyramid Stage.

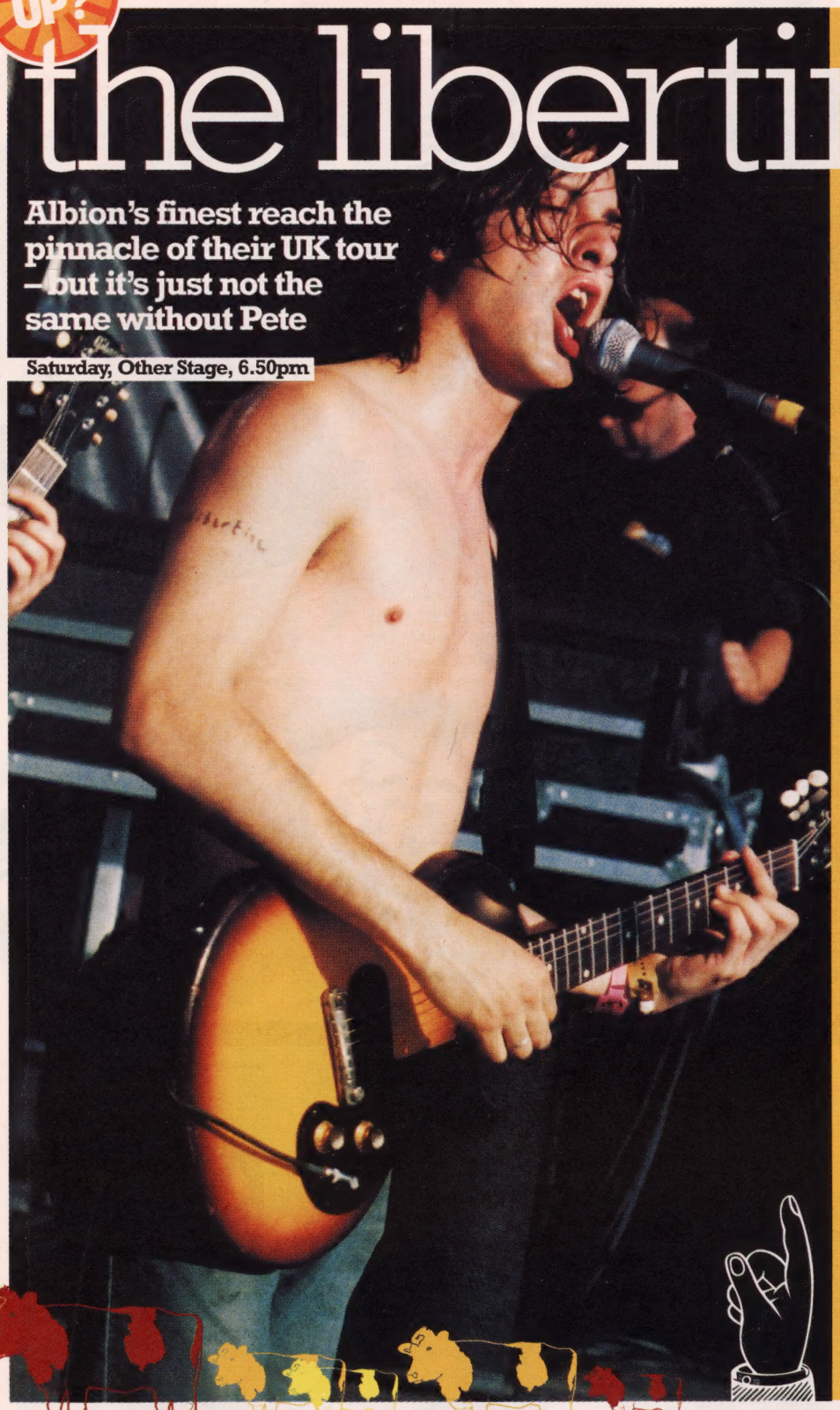
Imran Ahmed

BREAK UP?

the libertines

Albion's finest reach the pinnacle of their UK tour – but it's just not the same without Pete

Saturday, Other Stage, 6.50pm



The Libertines' European tour, which ends today at Glastonbury, should've been a cause for celebration.

The idea was a simple one. After a few gigs in Europe, end the dates with a victory lap of the UK, steal the show at Glastonbury and head into the studio to start work on a stunning second album. Today *should* have been one big end-of-tour party. But with whispers circulating about the physical and mental state of singer/guitarist Pete Doherty, the whole gig has an entirely different feel. Is this it for The Libertines?

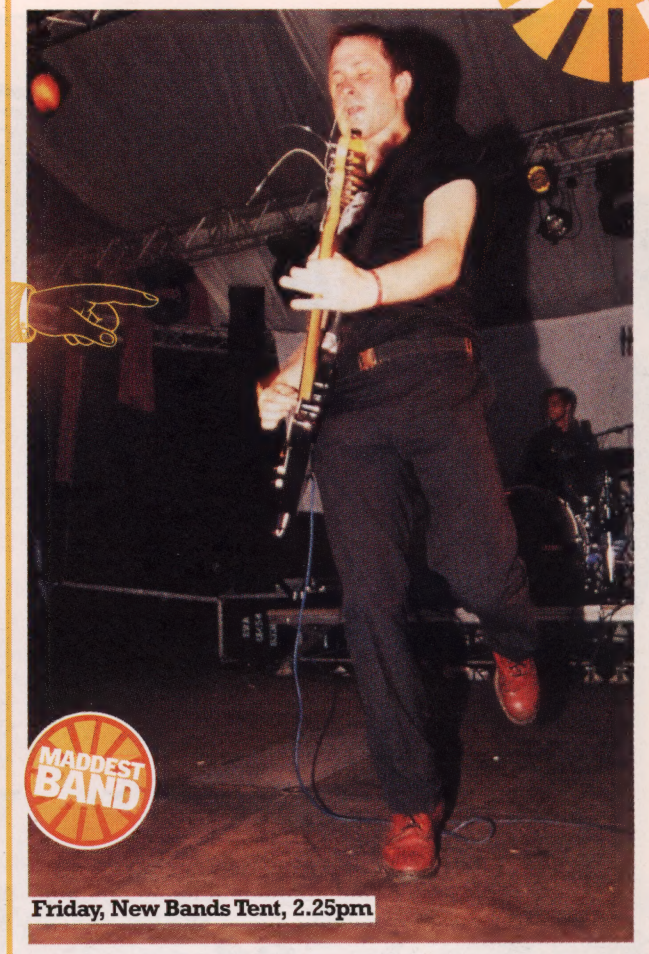
Beforehand there's talk among fans comparing the Libs without Pete to The Stone Roses without John Squire, or even the Manics without Richey – they can function well enough as a unit, but with one member missing the spirit and passion disappear completely.

So, there's two types of people rolling up to the Other Stage. At the front there's the hardcore who've been lending their support on every date, screaming "Libertines!" to get Carl in the mood. And around the periphery there's a few unkind souls shouting "Where's Pete?", giving it ten minutes to see if the freak show's coming to town.

Fortunately, it hasn't. Carl Barât's starting to get used to life on his own, and within a couple of songs he's semi-naked and parading around the stage, making the best of a bad job. It works, but only to a point. 'Time For Heroes', 'What A Waster' and 'I Get Along' sound amazing but there are lengthy periods when Pete is missed and it falls flat.

So is this The Libertines' last gig? Hopefully not. But their Glasto 2003 performance *will* go down as a defining moment in a rollercoaster few weeks for the band. They've proved they can perform without Pete. The question is, do they really want to?

Julian Marshall



MADDEST BAND

Friday, New Bands Tent, 2.25pm

the futureheads

Sunderland punk-funkers pick up the 'quirky outsiders' crown

As they take to the stage sporting the National Health's finest geek eyewear, wearing nondescript clobber and spouting incomprehensible accents, the crowd could be forgiven for thinking that they've made some kind of mistake – aren't Athlete on the other stage? Sunderland's Futureheads may not be much to look at, but beneath the veneer of normality lurk four twisting, jerking minds so off-kilter, it can only be madness. Or genius. Or both.

What's truly bonkers about The Futureheads, though, isn't the accents. It isn't the start-stop rhythms. It isn't even frontman Barry Hyde's omnidirectional-knee dances. It's the amazing vocal interplay that turns straightforward punk-funkers such as 'Carnival Kids' spinning into dizzying harmonic heaven.

The stops, starts and manic shouting of *"Bullshit! Bullshit! Bullshit!"* are too much for some of the crowd. Those who stick around, though, are treated to a rip-roaring tear through 'A Picture Of Dorian Gray', and suddenly it all makes sense. A little confusing, a little bewildering, and occasionally downright mad. But hey, weren't The Coral this time last year?

Barry Nicolson

strangest texts

At Glastonburys past there were two only ways to get a message to a misplaced friend: either you fashioned a crude flagpole out of timber to serve as a rallying point ('Nuneaton Rave Kru Bosh Now', that kind of thing) or you staggered around at 4am, tripping over guy ropes and shouting "Bollocks" repeatedly into the dark. This year, with Orange providing huge digital billboards for the display of text messages, festival communication finally came of age. Or did it? Here are some we spotted over the weekend:

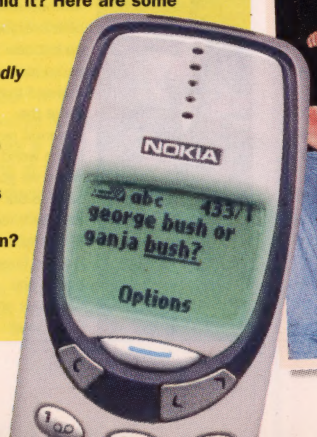
dj olly ive soiled myself *(posted repeatedly all Friday)*

i am the ghost of denis thatcher, woooo

tell george and tony, wmd found in bogs

i'm too drunk, when's george michael on?

robert morgan you are dumped. yes, it was the hat. liz



PHOTOGRAPHY: ANDY WILLSHER/SANINA CHARLES/JAMES LOOKER

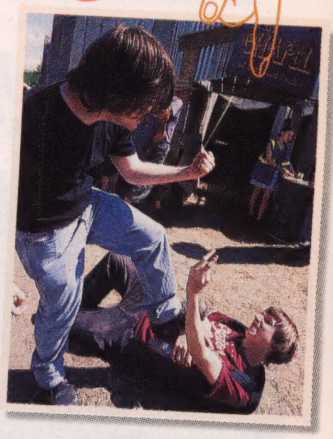
married and divorced in one night

NME finds conjugal love in the Lost Vagueness field – but tragically misplaces it a few minutes later

The challenge sounded easy. All *NME* had to do was pick up a lady partner, lead them to the Chapel Of Love And Loathe in the Lost Vagueness field and then get married *and* divorced in the space of a night. OK, so we haven't washed our 'bits' for three full days but who wouldn't want to get it on with the world's leading rock weekly?

Sure enough, we picked up our girl before we'd pitched our tent and a date was set. So imagine our horror when the big day arrived and the bride-to-be had done a runner. Disaster! But after a brief moment of panic we suddenly remember an *NME* by-law passed in 1986 stating that any hack left stranded at the aisle had the right to reel in Barry Nicolson as a replacement. As the vows are read by a deranged man in a '70s white suit, the audience of S&M girls look on and all is well in the world of Tim and Barry.

But within seconds, Barry lets slip his secret passion for that Evanescence single and before we know it we're brawling on the floor, Barry screaming that if I wasn't willing to share him with a dodgy Christian goth band then it could never work. Just seven minutes of marital bliss and we're heading for the nearby quick-fix divorce courts to turn those vows into ash.



Mission accomplished, then, but the scars from hearing the phrase "You may now kiss the bride" might never heal.

Tim Jonze

FREAKS

i'm a freak! i'm a weirdo!

What the hell am I doing in the middle of a field in Somerset?

the eighties matchbox b-line disaster

THE BIG CHILL

Psychotic garage-rockers loosen up in the Healing Field

The Eighties Matchbox B-Line Disaster leave Glasto heads reeling with their wired psychobilly racket, but by the time they leave the stage even they admit that they're in need of a rest.

"We rode through it on pure adrenaline, and just hoped we wouldn't collapse," says an exhausted Guy McKnight.

NME decides to replenish their weary souls and so we drag them off to the Healing Field for a nourishing round of chai. The only thing is, with the band burned out through constant touring and *NME* nursing a hellish comedown, the resulting conversation is virtually non-existent. Still, once the chai starts to 'heal' us the band reveal their favourite ways of relaxation. These are, in no particular order, sleeping, shitting, wanking, dying and "having a long, slow chunder".

Fed up with the hippy lifestyle, the boys head back to the stages to catch some rock action, but Andy Huxley has one last tip for relaxation heaven: "If you really want to chill out then just smoke some DMT while you set your pubes on fire." Erm, probably best not to try this one at home.

Tim Jonze

Eighties Matchbox: (l-r) Sleeper, Shitter, Wanker, Die-er and Long Slow Chunderer

PHOTOGRAPHY: ALEX MAGUIRE/JOE PLIMMER/SANNA CHARLES

Well done. Keeping the spirit alive. You'll never grow old and everything will be great forever. Just keep listening to Hawkwind every day and everything will be fine.

Why do these wellingtons look so good? Look at the tanned legs and the socks and think about all the great ways you can have fun with this. I bet she's got an ankle bracelet on too.

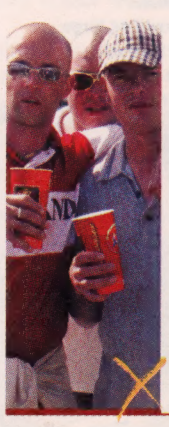
Fuck wellingtons. You need a pair of £500 cowboy boots if you're really serious about all this rock'n'roll shit.

Those who 'dug' the Glasto vibe...

dos and don'ts

...and the people who seemed to miss the point entirely

When you get back to working at Dixons you can tell your co-workers all about your shitty yellow hat and how you smoked "pot" with a hippy and they'll all laugh politely. Then they'll tell your boss that you've been stealing from the till because they're embarrassed to be around you.



When we got here we thought we'd be able to beat everybody up but now we've just realised that we're the squarest people in the world. When we go back to our tent we'll read *FHM* and our Frankie Fraser books and fantasise about being tough.

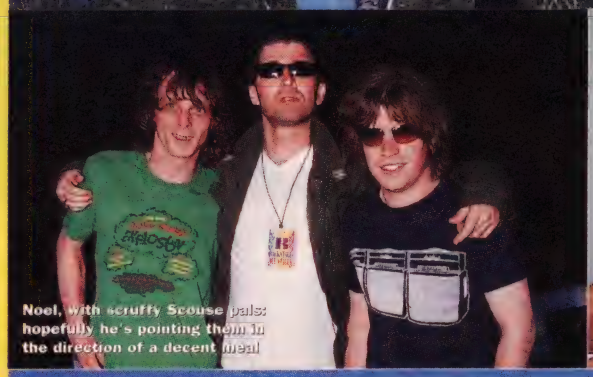
This genius was trying to convince people to give her money for charity. She was dressed like a piece of shit and she had a giant plastic fly on her back. She didn't really think it through outfit-wise, but she probably got a free ticket to get in.

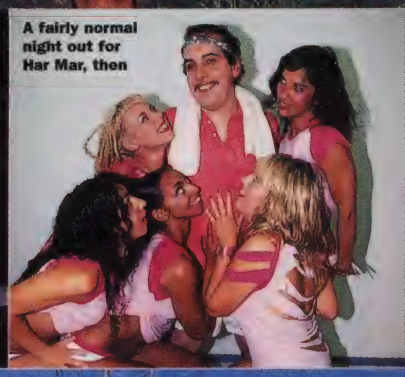
Andy Capper

ooh! the glamour!

Peaked cap
Alice Fisher, Commissioning Editor of *Vogue*: "This is very Madonna-ish. It's quite hard. It's not really a trend, so this is an individual detail. It's quite Weimar Republic as well."
Cap-sleeved shirt
"Next season, black's the new black again. This is a button-up shirt with cap-sleeved detail."
Leather wristband
"These are everywhere again. Prada and Helmut Lang have done them a lot."
Knee-high patent leather boots
"Post-punk is having another revival, and the patent leather fits in with that. Boots are massive next season."
Miniskirt
"Marc Jacobs did this for autumn/winter. Boots and miniskirts are a key look next season."
Verdict: "It's not a summer festival outfit at all. This summer is all pastels and '50s dresses, and she's gone into black and looking quite androgynous – women in men's clothing. Very dramatic, and it fits with the music."
BEST OUTFIT
goldfrapp
Forget bin bags and jester hats. Somebody's got to bring a bit of glitz to Glasto – and that somebody is Alison Goldfrapp

Kate Moss and pals (one of whom appears to have smuggled in her cat)


Noel, with scruffy Scouse pals: hopefully he's pointing them in the direction of a decent meal


A fairly normal night out for Har Mar, then

Kate Moss outside *NME*'s tourbus on Saturday morning – *still* looking fabulous

Edith Bowman: sporting the controversial 'Streatham facelift'

lucky people

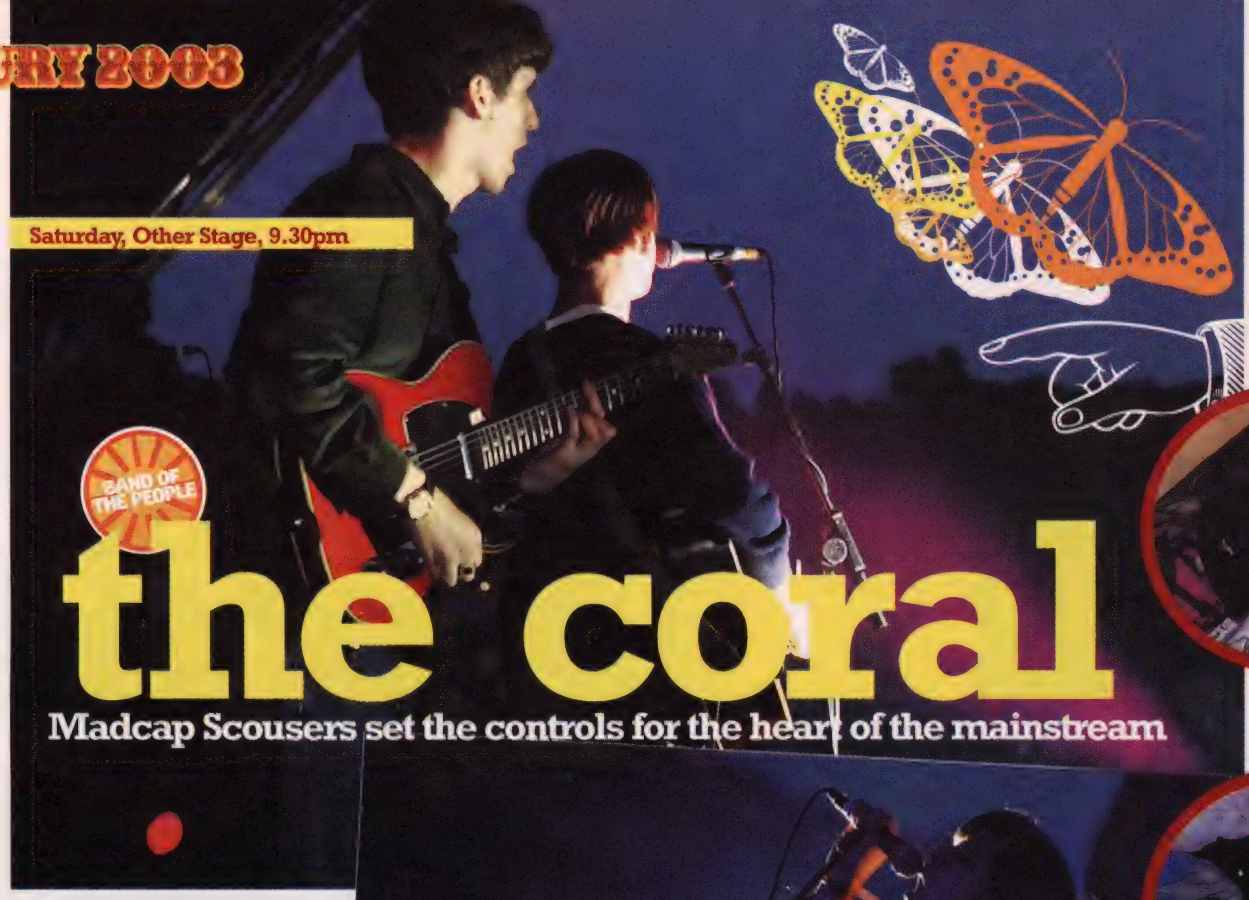
Ed Rice, 16, from London and Sarah Gilbert, 22, from Horsham had their Glasto dreams rescued in the nick of time by *NME*. After failing to get tickets through the usual channels, the pair struck lucky by winning *NME*'s competition.

Ed spent Friday morning watching his favourites The Jeevas, who are "criminally underrated by *NME*". Sarah, meanwhile, was determined to see REM on the Pyramid Stage on Friday.

"I went to see them last time they played," she recalls, "but I can't remember much about it. I'm going to make sure I remember it this time!"

Dan Martin

PHOTOGRAPHY: JOE PLUMMER/JO MCCAUGHEY/JAMES LOOKER



Saturday, Other Stage, 9.30pm

BAND OF THE PEOPLE

the coral

Madcap Scousers set the controls for the heart of the mainstream

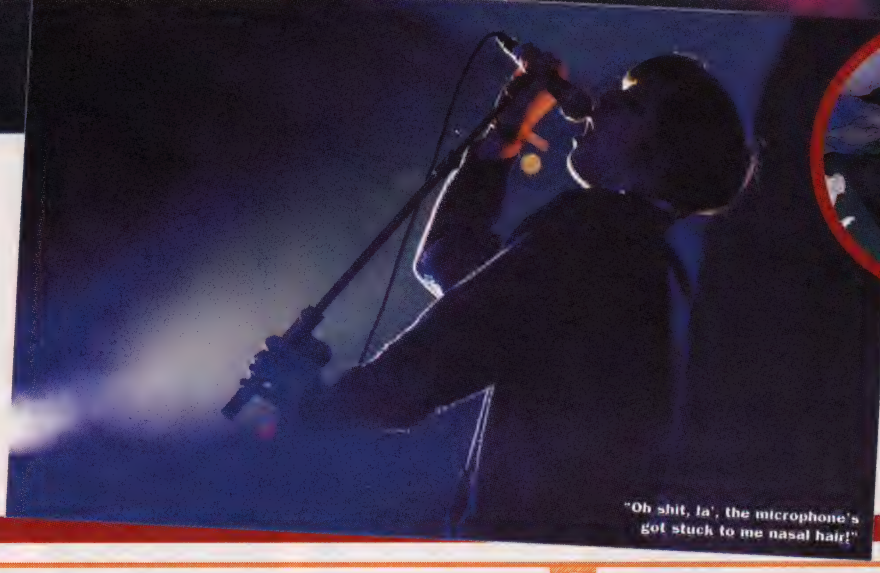
Who'd have thunk it? This time last year The Coral were a curious oddity, a quirky Scouse sextet whose main function seemed to be giving the stoners something to listen to between Stone Circle bongo sessions. Well, bugger us gently with a trumpet, because this year they're bona fide crowd-pleasers.

As post-skiffle festival anthems go, you'd be hard pushed to beat the ubiquitous 'Dreaming Of You' or the Faustian time bomb of 'Calendars And Clocks', but today's show is all about new album 'Magic And Medicine' and whether it can live up to the madcap genius of its predecessor.

The singles you'll know already – the Doors-esque spaghetti western schtick of 'Don't Think You're The First' and the breezy pop of 'Pass It On' – but what about the rest? 'Bill McCai' and the jerky Britbeat of 'Confessions' are classic Coral, but it's the sprawling, beautiful 'Secret Kiss' you should really listen out for.

Though they're often tagged as 'zany', The Coral are fast losing their comedy value and turning into one of the most important bands we have. They're still as mad as a crate of badgers, of course – bass player Paul Duffy taking to the stage in a cowboy hat and treating us to his Elvis impressions being a prime example – but they're no longer quirky outsiders. For the first time, The Coral have found themselves bang in the middle of the mainstream. Proof of that is the crowd tonight – enormous and awestruck.

Barry Nicolson

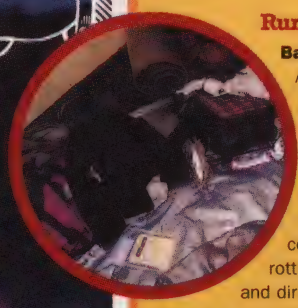


"Oh shit, la', the microphone's got stuck to me nasal hair!"

how clean isn't your tent?

Runner-up

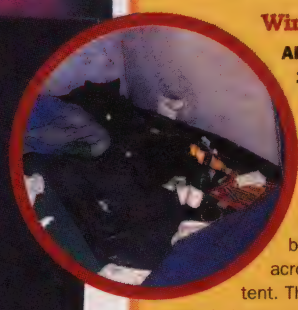
Barry Irvine, 25



Although he doesn't actually know he's taking part in this as he's already passed out in his own cesspit. There's rotting cheese and dirty underwear lying around but what tops it off is the shopping cart covered in mud.

Winner!

Alan Davies, 19



Alan shares his tent with a colony of mould. Since he arrived at the festival it's broken out across his entire tent. This is a guy who's happy to mop up whisky spillages with his own clothes but even he admits he's pushed to the edge by the state of filth in his tent. "In the night it fucking stinks," he winces.

Tim Jonze

Radio 4: "If I pull this, I wonder if the whole tent'll collapse?"

radio 4 vs interpol

Saturday, New Bands Tent, 5.50pm

NEW YORK IN A TENT

Bringing the bongos to the incongruous Glasto punk-funk throwdown

After two days, the standard pose of the toxin-peppered Glasto-goer is of unkempt, unknowing cool with its head just the other side of last Wednesday. Just like the people who populate the fantasy version of New York peddled by Radio 4, who have come to ram these two worlds into thunderous collision.

Pogoing between standard-form punk-funk and all-the-way nuu wave, Gothambury never sounded cooler. The band don't even know what to make of it, save for a spluttered, "Uh, we're really glad to be here." But then, it's not about words, it's about that vrooming bassline of 'Dance To The Underground'. They're the only Radio-affixed band this weekend to make people actually dance. And they even bring their own bongos.

Dan Martin

Battling a cyclone and, frankly, over-dressed for the occasion

"Hi, we're Interpol," says Paul as they take the stage mid-afternoon on Saturday. "And we are very hot indeed," he doesn't say, but that's what he's thinking. Now playing on the Other Stage are the only four people out of 150,000 who find it necessary to wear shirts, ties and (in Carlos' case) a woolly jumper in 30-degree heat. Style, poise, cool, all the things that make Interpol dear to *NME*'s heart also make them the very last band on Earth that ought to be playing in a Somerset cowfield on the hottest day of the year.

For the fans, that's the attraction. 'Untitled' takes them far from the smell of falafels and human dung. Closing their eyes, they imagine they're doomed romantic heroes on a subway somewhere. It's a hard part to pull off in shorts and sandals.

Interpol don't care. They make the most of the big stage, Daniel pointing an imperious fist at the crowd between riffs, Carlos wrestling with his bass like Rod Hull with Emu, but they don't exactly dominate proceedings. While they play to a smallish, dedicated crowd the majority of the festival files past at the rear without paying much attention.

Although someone does start a conga during 'PDA', surely the first time *that's* happened.

There's a little bit of Glasto magic as the first bars of 'NYC' start up: a mini-cyclone passes through the crowd, flinging newspaper and plastic bags up into the air in a a whirling funnel. Sadly, this loses the only new fans they'd attracted. Some curious crusties who'd been nodding appreciatively depart, chasing the whirlwind towards the dance tent. Glastonbury and Interpol, then: not exactly made for each other. Come back when it's raining.

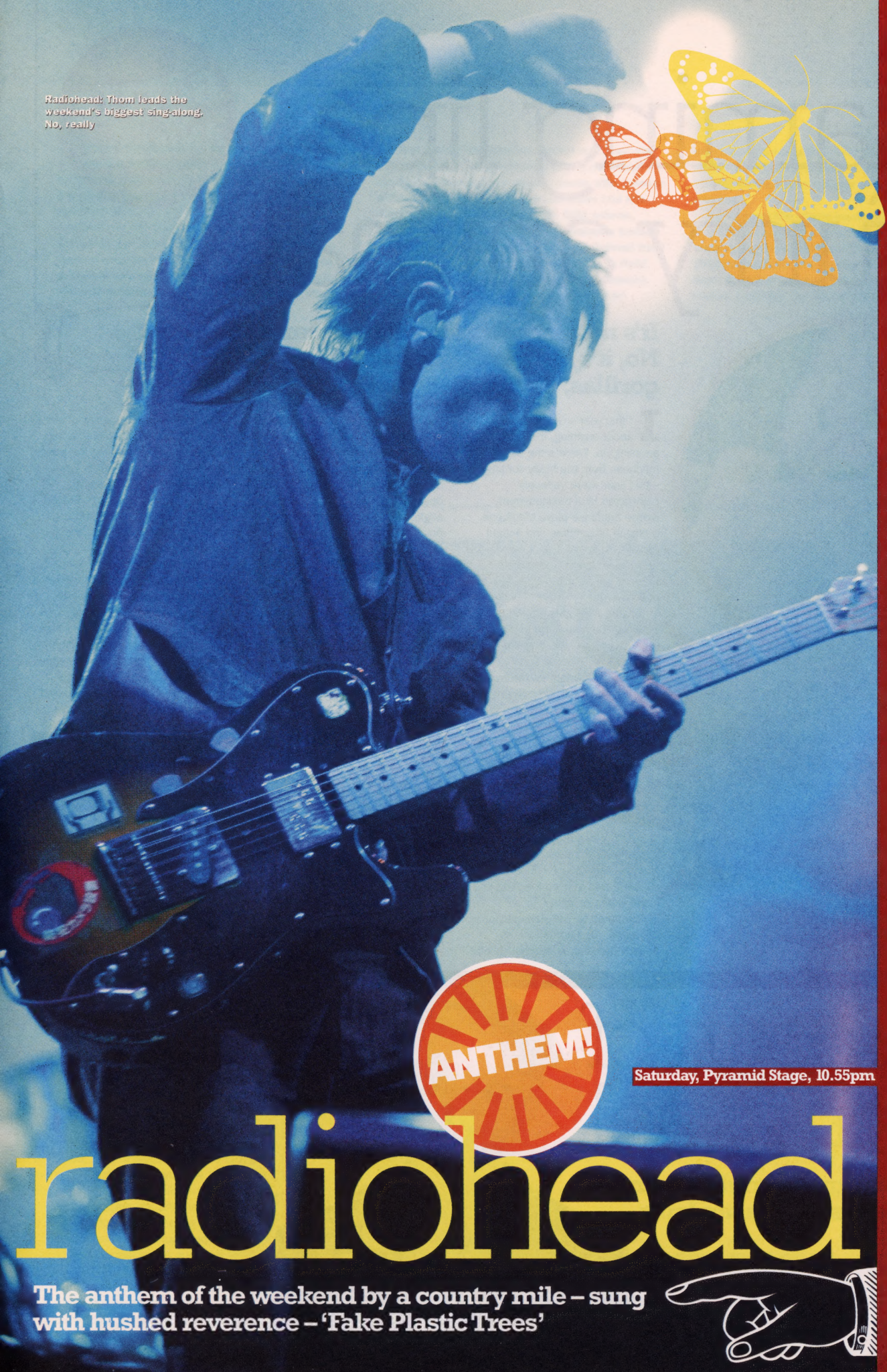
Simon Lewis

Saturday, Other Stage, 5.30pm

NEW YORK IN A FIELD

Interpol: not taking any chances with the jumpers, just in case a sudden blizzard blows in

PHOTOGRAPHY: ALEX MAGUIRE/JAMES LOOKER/SANNA CHARLES



Radiohead: Thom leads the weekend's biggest sing-along. No, really

ANTHEM!

Saturday, Pyramid Stage, 10.55pm

radiohead

The anthem of the weekend by a country mile – sung with hushed reverence – 'Fake Plastic Trees'

There are some songs that can only be played to maximum effect when 100,000 people help you sing it. 'Fake Plastic Trees' is such a tune.

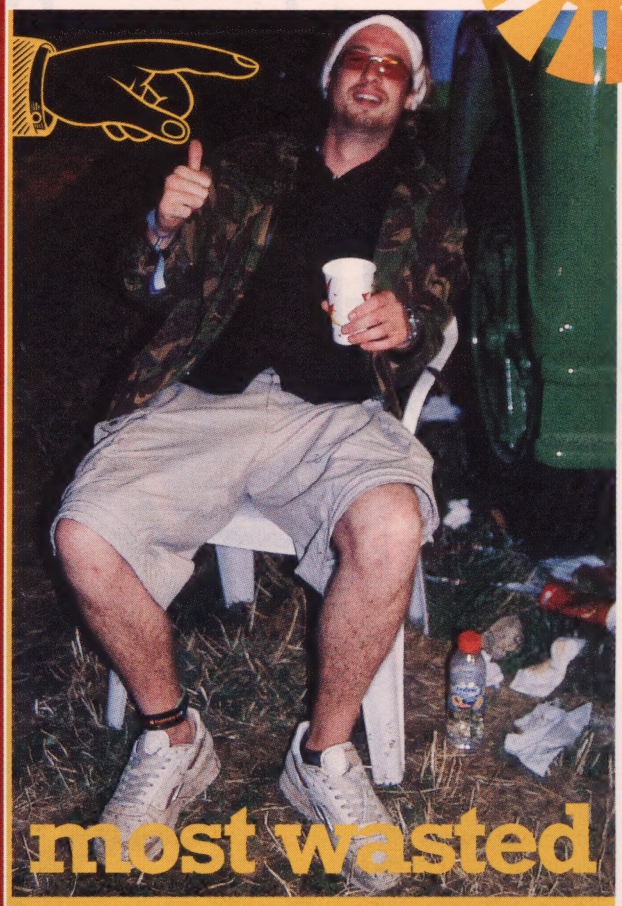
Played mid-set, after an equally jaw-loosening 'No Surprises', 'Fake Plastic Trees' is the peak of a gig that not only surpasses Radiohead's seminal 1997 performance, but goes racing way out in front with arms stretched aloft, eyes closed and smiling face raised to the stars.

Within seconds of the strummed acoustic intro to '...Trees', clichés start to break out in all corners of the field. As Thom sings, fireworks pop away on the horizon casting a pink and orange glow across thousands of beaming faces. Up on the hill loved-up couples kiss and pissed blokes dance like idiots, while the flag-wavers at the front sing every syllable of every word in a perfect, hushed tone. It's what festivals were invented for.

The difficulty Radiohead and their fans faced at Glastonbury, the very spot where their defining moment took place, was the risk they wouldn't be able to pull it off twice. But 'Fake Plastic Trees', 'Lucky', 'Karma Police' and 'Street Spirit', plus new songs 'There There' and '2+2=5', prove Radiohead are one of the most anthemic live bands of this or any other generation. That's, like, ever, in the history of humans doing stuff. Ever.

In years to come everyone, from Thom Yorke right through to cynical security guards at the back of the field, will talk about Radiohead at Glastonbury 2003 in legendary terms. 'Fake Plastic Trees' was the most beautiful five minutes of the lot.

Julian Marshall



most wasted

Ladies and gentlemen, meet Craig. We found 26-year-old Craig near the Avalon fields, unable to get back to his tent and staring dolefully into his drink. He'd arrived on Wednesday and frankly it showed. He'd also decided to buy a piece of clothing from every stall in the immediate vicinity, though sadly most of it didn't fit. Bugger. His final words to us were a defiant, "I'm living the Glastonbury experience to the full!" Right on, brother.

Barry Nicolson

PHOTOGRAPHY: ANDY WILLSHER/JO MCCAUGHEY/ALEX MAGUIRE

Saturday, Other Stage, 8pm

arthur lee

Even the hippies doing naked tai chi can't compete with the madness of King Arthur

MADDEST OLD BLOKE

Up in the Healing Fields there's a half-naked man dressed as the ancient Greek god Pan. In the teepee fields, some hippies are practising naked tai chi. Down the track at the Lost Vagueness Tent, two red-eyed and confused *NME* hacks are getting married. And yet, incredibly, these are not the maddest people onsite. That dubious honour goes to Arthur Lee, psychedelic pied piper and spiritual godfather to every Liverpudlian band playing this weekend. Dressed in sunglasses, a white cowboy shirt and black drainpipe jeans, Arthur shuffles onstage mumbling and chucking his tambourine about. With the rinky-dink orchestra and band of widdly-widdly LA session musicians, this new incarnation of Love should really be terrible. But as the evening sun turns a gentle orange – and despite the last 40 years of serious drug abuse – Lee's voice is as pure and untainted as it was in 1967. We get the whole of the evergreen 'Forever Changes'. At the side of the stage members of The Coral and The Thrills stand, mouths open. Pure class.

Pat Long

the flaming lips VS super furry animals

BATTLE OF THE ANIMALS

The Flaming Lips, Saturday, Pyramid Stage, 9pm

The Flaming Lips: punched above their weight with the help of quite a menagerie

It's not just cows round these parts. No, it's budgies, tigers, dolphins, gorillas, eagles, kangaroos...

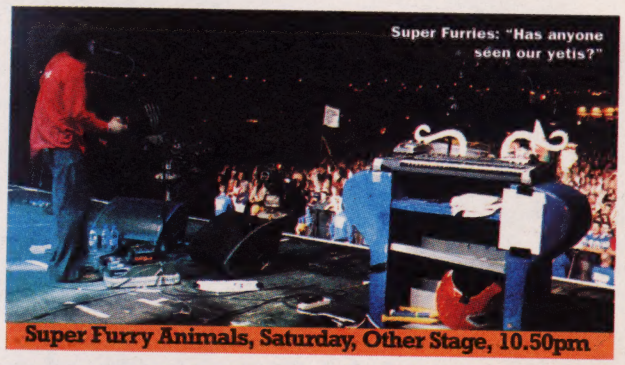
If this year's Glastonbury's about anything, it's about dressing up. There's the usual madness from the hippy contingent – this year we're variously obstructed by a businessman whose briefcase plays Morricone, a plague of zombies and a giant Jarvis Cocker – but, in a wonderful new development, costumed weirdos have started to invade the main events.

Tonight, *NME* gets jostled by a six-foot Dalmatian on ecstasy during the Super Furry Animals' Saturday night set. We don't make a big thing of it (would you?) but things get out of hand when two of Mogwai turn up dressed as yetis to provide a tribal drumming break while the Furries bugger off for a spliff. When they return, Gruff's got a Power Rangers helmet on. Has the hashcake mountain in the Green Fields started leaching into the water, or what?

Compared to The Flaming Lips, of course, the Furries look as soberly dressed as Interpol. Taking the stage for Saturday's beautiful sundown set, the Lips consist of, unless we missed anything: a chicken on synths, a budgie on drums, a tiger on bass, an owl, a dolphin, a gorilla, a rabbit, an eagle, three sorts of bears (grizzly, polar *and* panda), an elephant, a kangaroo, a duck, a rooster, a pig, three robots (blue, not pink), some kind of hairmonster, a white dog who takes pictures of the other animals between songs, Santa Claus, two "perpetual suns"... and an attractive older man in a nice cream linen suit. That would be Wayne Coyne, and he's not content with just getting a menagerie onstage. After a couple of songs he puts on a pair of giant hands to lead a clap-along, brings out a nun puppet to sing the last chorus of 'Yoshimi Battles The Pink Robots, Pt 2', wields a massive torch to spotlight Steven Drozd's solos, gets the entire audience to sing happy birthday to the T-shirt seller's five-year-old daughter and, during 'She Don't Use Jelly', fills a giant balloon with foam until it bursts all over him.

Look around, and you see 50,000 people grinning like infants. It's a moment, alright. Tonight, The Flaming Lips embody the spirit of Glastonbury better than anyone ever before. Amazing.

Simon Lewis



Super Furries: "Has anyone seen our yetis?"

Super Furry Animals, Saturday, Other Stage, 10.50pm

in the court of king michael

The REM frontman is right at home in the madness of Glastonbury

Saturday afternoon, and *NME* gets a sudden invitation to interview Michael Stipe, who's back onsite to see his buddies Radiohead. In the artists' enclosure, there are moss-green Portakabins fluttering peace flags, Supergrass looking hirsute in white outfits and The Polyphonic Spree skulking around shirtless. Stipe appears after *NME* has been instructed to sit outside the not-yet-present Radiohead's dressing room "because Michael likes to sit in the sun". He's wearing funny brown jeans, clompy white shoes, Aviator shades and a day's worth of grey beard, topping the lot off with a stripey orange and brown shirt. Sounds revolting, but he pulls it off. He is, after all, a superstar. And a weird one, too – he sits so close you can smell him (a kind of fragrant woody scent) and takes *ages* to answer any questions.

***NME*: Your set was a raging success last night. What was the highlight for you?**

Stipe: "Ending it. I was trying to make it through 'Everybody Hurts', which is not an easy song to sing. I was trying to do different things with the voice. And also the new song *('Final Straw')* we did in the encore."

By the end of it, you looked like you were about to burst into tears.

"Did I? It sounds stupid, but it was deeper than tears."

What makes Glastonbury so special to REM?

"I didn't realise how important Glastonbury is, that you can be able to instil memories in people that will live with them forever and it's a rare feat. To be able to create 'a moment'."

Have you come down again specifically for Radiohead?

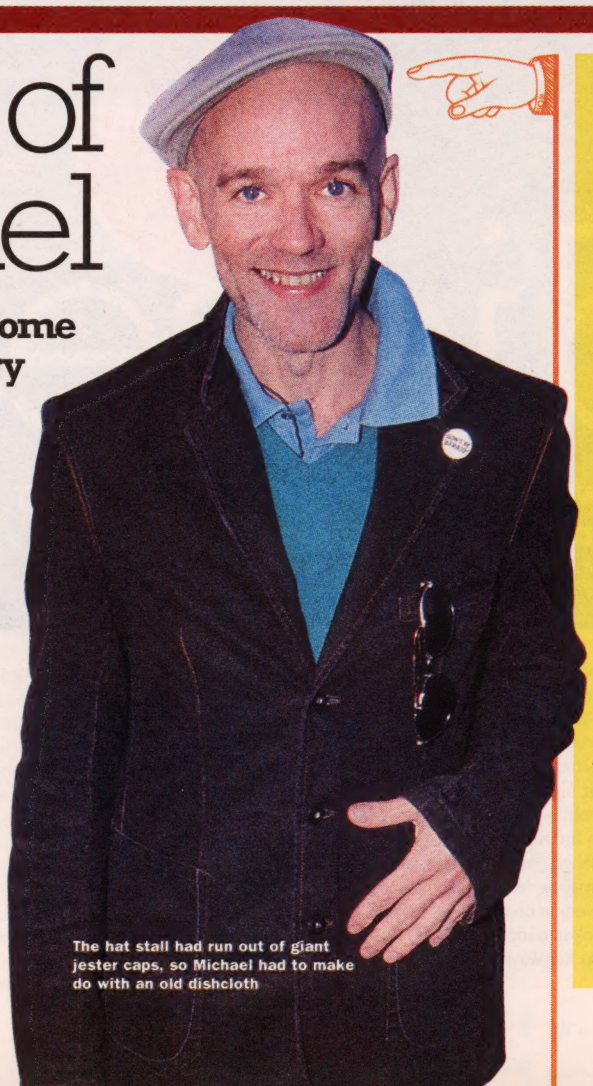
"Yes, we're old friends. I saw their show a couple of weeks ago in New York and it was amazing."

Are you going to the Healing Field afterwards?

"I won't, but my friend Jamie's there from 1 Giant Leap. He said people were applauding the sunrise this morning. That's pretty amazing."

And with that, our time's up, Stipe clocking that *NME*'s T-shirt features a picture of '80s drag colossus Divine and saying that he once saw him in a club in London ("incredible") and claiming that our messy writing "looks like my lawyer's". Amid all the madness of Glastonbury, he seems very much at home.

Alex Needham



The hat stall had run out of giant jester caps, so Michael had to make do with an old dishcloth

top ten festival rumours

BOLLOCKS!

1. Sir Paul McCartney's going to fly in to Worthy Farm to watch REM/Radiohead/The Polyphonic Spree
2. Kate Moss is going to sing 'Some Velvet Morning' with Primal Scream when they headline the Other Stage
3. The Libertines are playing with absent guitarist Pete Doherty
4. The Spree wore red robes because of a fuck-up at the laundry
5. Fatboy Slim and Zoë Ball have bought a pantomime horse outfit and are going to dance about onstage with The Flaming Lips
6. Thom Yorke's been camping in Michael Eavis' back garden all weekend. So has Michael Stipe
7. Queens Of The Stone Age's Nick Oliveri is walking around the site with the naked hippies
8. Super Furry Animals and The Flaming Lips love each other so much they've been wandering around the Green Fields together all weekend sampling the local 'delicacies'
9. Moby's pulled out and is going to be replaced by Madonna/Paul McCartney/Travis/someone – *anyone!* – better
10. Noel Gallagher's playing live in the New Bands Tent/Acoustic Stage/Michael Eavis' kitchen/my tent

PHOTOGRAPHY: PA/LFI/SANNA CHARLES/JAMES LOOKER

BEST BEARDS

Sunday, Other Stage, 1.20pm

my morning jacket

Southern fried country-rockers party like it's 1972

Like those theme parks recreating Victorian mining villages in full working order, My Morning Jacket represent what this festival was like in the days before mobile phones, flushing toilets and Dane Bowers in the backstage bar. With their flares, straggly hair and propensity to chuck a white reggae number or drum solo into their spaced-out southern rock, MMJ are the ghosts of Glasto past, something which makes beautiful sense on a frazzled Sunday lunchtime. Debuting material from imminent new album 'It Still Moves', they also overrun hideously, prompting an irate soundman to unplug their amps in the middle of another mournful country jam. If it *had* been 1972, some Afro-ed hippy would've jumped onstage and led the crowd in a chant of "OFF THE PIGS!" before David Bowie came on in a dress to sing folk songs about goblins. As it is, the band just stand on the edge of the stage looking goofy and people amble off to get more beer. Still the coolest history lesson onsite, though.
Pat Long

CLEANEST SHOES

Sunday, Pyramid Stage, 4.20pm

sugababes

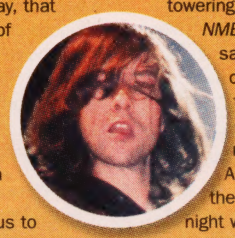
What is it that makes the Sugababes so cool? Their nonchalant pouts? Killer harmonies? No – the fact that in a field of muddy trainers, their footwear is pristine. Heidi is sporting some custom-made vixen-like gold rouche boots. "They're the perfect boot for dancing in. I'm only 5ft 2in so I need a high heel but this one's really thick and provides good support," she confides, pointing to a crippling four-inch stiletto that gives *NME* backache just looking at it. "We've trained our stylist Cynthia to swipe stuff for us after fashion shoots! I've got a real thing for court shoes at the moment – I've got them in every colour... yellow, pink and black."

"I'm the tallest so I can get away with trainers," says Keisha, showing a pair of immaculate silver and black Adidas. "Mutya started wearing heels when she was nine but I was never allowed. Even now my mum will get on the phone to Cynthia and tell her off if she sees me wearing shoes she thinks will ruin my feet!"

So how do you keep them so clean in the festival mud? "Mutya usually wanders around in slippers all day and changes into her shoes just before she goes onstage," Keisha tells us. "Yeah, and then Cynthia deals with them after that!"
Krissi Murison

backstage gossip

Backstage party of the weekend took place outside the **Primal Scream** Winnebago (directly opposite *NME*'s battle bus), where **Bobby Gillespie** *(right)*, **Kate Moss** and assorted beautiful people drank Stellas on the grass to the strains of **AC/DC**'s 'Highway To Hell'. We crashed it at 9am on Saturday morning and were pleased to discover that they, like us, had had absolutely sod all sleep... ● Sunday morning saw **Carl** from **The Libertines** joining the Scream party with an old acoustic guitar which he attempted to play lying on his back. A singsong ensued. Carl later appeared on the *NME* bus to "borrow some cups". Needless to say, that was the last we saw of them (or him)... ● In fact, the pop stars were abusing our facilities all weekend long. This reached a hilarious peak when a dishevelled Scottish fella crept onto our bus to ask to use the toilet ("No number twos!"). Our Piers Martin told him to clear off, before realising it was **Fran Healy** from **Travis**...



● Don't rely on **The Thrills** to run a barbecue. Their Friday night attempt resembled more of a towering inferno, and when *NME* received our sausages they were charred to carbon on the outside and completely raw in the middle. Yum!... ● All this paled before the woman on Saturday night who decided to throw all her clothes off, cover herself in chips and try to bring herself off – until the police turned up, that is... ● Speaking of getting naked, DJ **Colin Murray** got the weekend off to a fine start on Thursday night by celebrating his last ever evening slot on Radio 1. He danced nude in front of 20,000 people at the Radio 1 pyramid and then jumped into the crowd. We only hope incoming DJ **Zane Lowe** can live up to his antics... ● And finally, **Michael Stipe** did check some bands out other than **Radiohead** – he sneaked a look at **Interpol** on Saturday afternoon. His verdict? "Awesome". Which pretty much sums up the whole weekend...
Alex Needham

manic street preachers' toiletgate

Never great mates of Glastonbury (in 1994, Nicky Wire shouted from the stage, "Someone should build a bypass over this shithole") the Manics caused another stink in 1999 when they installed toilets backstage bearing signs that read, "These toilets are for the exclusive use of Manic Street Preachers." So in the spirit of Glasto egalitarianism, we got our own back on behalf of The People.

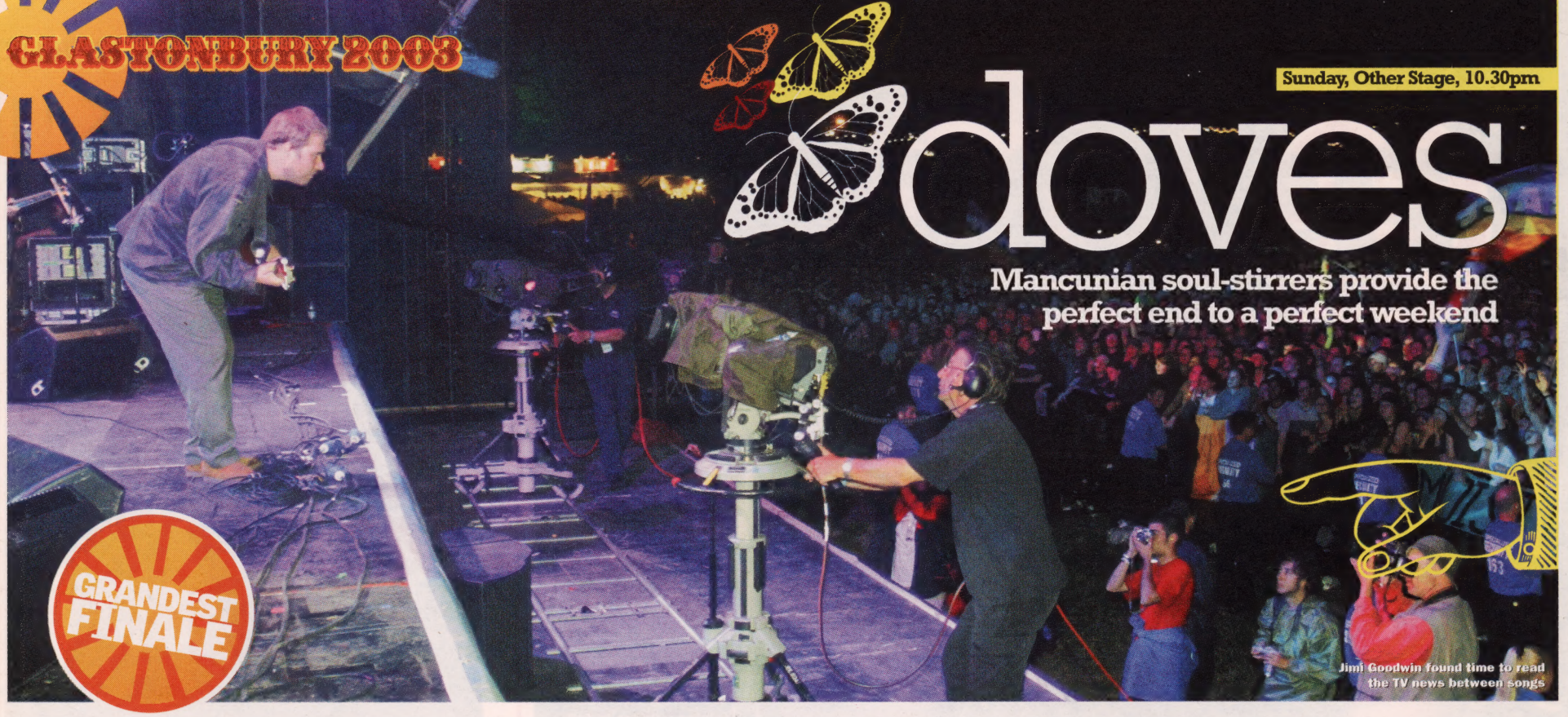
PHOTOGRAPHY: JAMES LOOKER/ANDY WILLSHER

GLASTONBURY 2003

Sunday, Other Stage, 10.30pm

doves

Mancunian soul-stirrers provide the perfect end to a perfect weekend



GRANDEST FINALE

Jimi Goodwin found time to read the TV news between songs

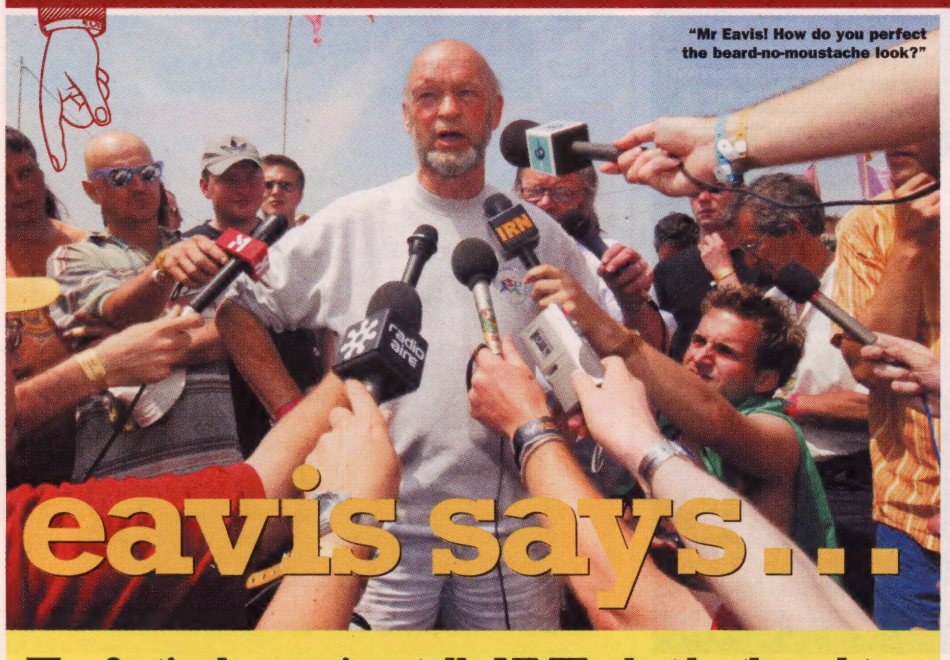
You turn around and Glastonbury's passed you by. It happens, but a weekend wasted is never a wasted weekend. And after three days of speed-dating marriages, sunburn and giant inflatable Jarvis Cockers, a wash of reassuring Mancunian warmth is just what the yogic shaman ordered. Cue Britain's sturdiest soul-stirrers, on hand to round off Glastonbury in the way only they know how.

Tonight, Doves encapsulate everything that's made Glasto 2003 the best yet. It's about the way 'Pounding' harnesses the feelings of us-against-the-universe togetherness of REM's Friday night triumph; the way 'The Cedar Room' lets flow a blissful release of all the outside world's tension, Healing Field-style; the way the climactic 'Space Face' summons up the limbs-akimbo rapture of The Glade late on. And as if we needed more of a treat tonight, they tease us with a zippy new song, promising yet bigger things to come.

Meanwhile, *NME* expects 'There Goes The Fear' to be adopted as the official closing anthem of every festival ever again. And what's more, this latent energy force is generated not by any of the stone circle's more alternative 'magic', but by the power of a band becoming one of the best in the world before your eyes. You can almost see the Ready Brek glow in one of the biggest Other Stage crowds of the weekend, and if Doves aren't headlining the Pyramid Stage next year then *NME* will campaign to refuse the festival a licence ourselves.

For the year when everything finally went right at Glastonbury, a perfect end. For a world-beating band in search of a defining moment, a place in history. In some other field somewhere else, goes the fear. Let it go.

Dan Martin



eavis says...

The festival organiser tells NME what he thought of this year and what he's planning for next year

Oasis, Sir Paul McCartney and Prince to play Glastonbury 2004? They're the first stars being tipped to headline next year's festival at Worthy Farm. Michael Eavis spoke to *NME* onsite last weekend and said that he already had "three strong possibilities for next year".

He said Prince, who was set to play this year, "promised" he would come to Worthy Farm next time instead. Also, Oasis star Noel Gallagher was onsite all weekend, and Eavis said to "draw your own conclusions" when asked if plans were underfoot to bring Oasis back for a third time.

But the real coup for Eavis would be bring Beatles legend Sir Paul McCartney to Somerset. He also wanted to play this year but couldn't because Radiohead already had the Saturday night headline slot.

"We'd really like him to play and I really hope he'll play next year," Eavis said. "Radiohead was already in place *(this year)*. As much as we'd like Paul McCartney to play, Radiohead were already doing the Saturday night headline slot. Paul wanted to do the Saturday."

Eavis watched Radiohead's performance and told *NME* he met up with Thom Yorke just before to wish him luck and help calm any last-minute nerves. "I had a word with Thom a couple of hours before," he explained. "I said that we were all really looking forward to it after 1997 when they were marvellous. Musically it was perfection. It was the perfect setting, it was a lovely evening. I sat at the back of the arena and the sound was crystal clear." Michael's also looking at ways to get more students at Glastonbury next year. He concluded, "There's a noticeable absence of students this time. I think the people who got tickets this time used the internet through work. I don't think the students were on the ball on day one. I'd like to see about 20,000 come back."

Julian Marshall

PHOTOGRAPHY: ANDY WILLSHER/ALEX MAGUIRE

yes

FLASHBACK

Seventies prog rock anachronisms widdle for whales

Yes! It's Jon Anderson...
...Rick Wakeman...
...Steve Howe...
Sunday, One World Stage, 3.10pm
.. and John Squire. Or is it a nightmarish vision of Radiohead in the year 2043?

Understandably in the circumstances, this correspondent spent Glastonbury 2003 worshipfully following the gigantic jiving Jarvis wherever He led us. Through techno tents, digeridoo workshops and Beatles-blasting wine bars, oh boy, could that Jarvis jive. But faced with the surreal prog arsery of Yes, even Jarv could only stand aghast and shout for Morcheeba because we have finally discovered the mythical Shittest Band Ever. Looking like he crawled out of a bush in the Field Of Avalon this morning asking if the punk wars were over, carved himself a lyre-shaped guitar out of a sacred stone and strung it with the beard hair of wizards, Jon Anderson taps his tambourine like a 150-year-old Keith Chegwin, clearly off on the wings of his own personal mind dragon. *"Don't hunt the whale!"* he whines while a bucket of deranged pixies are let loose on the Moog and a bathrobe-clad Rick Wakeman embarks on a pompous keyboard solo, one whale saved for every ten minutes of tuneless tossage. Half an hour in, Jarvis jives on and we must follow – they'll still be there when you arrive next year, cheerfully widdling for whales.

Mark Beaumont

and so to bed...

The psychedelic pear cider has been drained, the back lounge of the *NME* bus looks like something from the fall of the Roman Empire, it's started to piss it down and Moby's taken the stage. Time for us to leave Glastonbury behind. But there'll always be a part of us that is forever Avalon. We'll be back... and so will you.